Hum. My ſtaffe, I noble Henry, my life and all,
My ſtaffe, I yeelde as willing to be thine,
As ere thy Noble father made it mine:
And euen as willing at thy feete I leaue it,
As others would ambitiouſly receiue it,
And long hereafter, when I am dead and gone,
May honourable peace attend thy throne.

King. Vnkle Gloſter, ſtand vp and go in peace,
No leſſe belou'd of vs, then when
Thou wert Protector ouer this my land. *Exit Gloſter.*

Queene. Take vp the ſtaffe, for heere it ought to ſtand,
Where ſhould it be, but in King Henries hand?

Yorke. Pleaſe it your Maieſtie, this is the day
That was appointed for the combating
Betweene the Armourer and his man, my Lord,
And they are ready when your Grace doth pleaſe.

King. Then call them forth, that they may try their rights.

Enter at one doore the Armourer and his neighbours, drinking to him ſo much that he is drunken, and he enters with a drum before him, and his ſtaffe with a ſandbag faſtened to it, and at the other doore his man with a drum and ſandbag, and Prentiſes drinking to him.

1. *Neighbor.* Here neighbour Horner, I drinke to you in a cup of Sacke; and feare not neighbor, you ſhall do well enough.

2 *Neigh.* And here neighbor, here's a cup of Charneco.

3 *Neigh.* Here's a pot of good double beere, neighbor drinke and be merry, and feare not your man.

Arm. Let it come, yfaith Ile pledge you all;
And a figge for Peter.

1 *Pren.* Here Peter, I drinke to thee, and be not affraid.

2 *Pren.* Here Peter, here's a pinte of Claret wine for thee.

3 *Pren.* And here's a quart for me, and be merry Peter,
And feare not thy maſter, fight for credit of the Prentiſes.

Peter. I thanke you all, but Ile drinke no more:
Heere Robin, and if I dye, heere I giue thee my hammer,
And Will thou ſhalt haue my aperne: and heere Tom,

Take

Take all the money that I h
O Lord bleſſe me I pray Go
my maſter, he hath learn'd
Salis. Come leaue your
Sirra, what's thy name?
Pet. Peter forſooth.
Salſ. Peter: what more
Pet. Thumpe.
Salſ. Thumpe, then ſee t
Arm. Here's to thee Ne
before wee fight, looke yo
come hither as it were of m
an honeſt man, and Peter a
downright blowes, as Beui
capart.
Pet. Law you now, I told
Alarmes, Peter hits
Arm. Hold Peter, I con
Pet. O God I giue thee
Pren. Ho well done Pete
King. Go take hence tha
For by his death we do perc
And God in iuſtice hath reu
The truth and innocence of
Which he had thought to h
Come fellow, follow vs for
Enter Duke Humfr
ning
Hum. Sirra, what's a clo
Seruing. Almoſt ten my L
Hum. Then is that woful
That my poore Lady ſhoul
In ſhamefull penance wand
Sweet Nell, ill can thy nobl
The abiect people gazing o
With enuious lookes laugh
That erſt did follow thy pro

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